

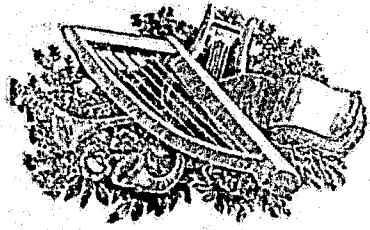
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POETRY.

SWISS SONG.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful hand, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle-dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn had rung,
And home our steps may turn,
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perished here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to the shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle roused!
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it passed!

They saw the princely crest,
The banner and the mail-clad breast
Borne down and trampled here!
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land!

Praise the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel-army was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet, along their steep,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps;
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst those mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle-field!
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God.

MRS. HEMANS.

Adventures of Jesse Bennett, An unfledged Yankee, from the District of Maine.

"Why, I've made out pretty considerably well," replied he, in a satisfied provincial tone, which we cannot transfer to our pages. "After farther sold out and went down to Maine, things seemed to look better; but there was such a squad of us boys and gals, that we had soon to shirk for ourselves. Some cleared out one way and some another; but somehow I thought I'd steer for Boston. It's a pretty curious place, and I'd a mind to see it; so mother fixed me off, and I started."

"Boston! but what could you do in Boston?" asked Allen, eagerly.

"What could I do? Why, I'd eyes in my head, and a tongue in my mouth, and as many hands and feet as my neighbors, so I knew I shouldn't starve. I'll tell you," added he, with a knowing wink, "how I fixed it; perhaps it may be of use to you one day or another, when you go to seek your fortune, as be sure you will, if things don't go just right at first."

"Well?" said Allen, in an expectant tone.

"Well, first I put up at a tavern, and, as the landlord was a likely man I agreed I'd ask his advice. So then he asked me what I could do; and says I, 'I can lay as handsome a swathe as ever you see, and break and swingle flax with any one. It's hard work to be sure but I don't stand on that; and I can reap and bind, and if the grain aint too rank, cut cradle up to any.' With that he laughed in my face, and says he, 'I don't think these turns will serve you here.' 'Well,' says I, 'I aint very particular; I don't turn my back on nobody for chopping wood.' 'No,' says he, 'you wont need to, for we saw it all here.' 'Do tell,' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Well, then he stood casting about for a spell, and then says he, 'I rather guess I can get you a waiter's place; how will that suit you?' 'Very well,' but how do you know he can spare it?' So then he laughed again.—O,

says he, 'you needn't have no difficulty about that.' 'Well, what must I do?' says I; 'what-ever you are bid,' says he. 'What shall I get?' says I. 'Ten dollars a month,' says he. 'Ready money?' says I. 'Certainly,' says he. 'I'll do it,' says I. So that very day he takes me to a gentleman who engaged me off hand."

"And how did you make out there?" asked Allen with much interest.

"You shall hear fast enough," Jesse, with a ridiculous self-complacency, as he was about to contrast his awkward debut in Boston with what he conceived to be his present experience of the world. "You shall hear. I was first quite struck up; the house was grand, and all done off with glasses and pictures, and what not! for they were fore-handed people. Miss Winslow, too—that was her name—was dressed up to the nines, and I could see plain enough, didn't think small of herself. Now when folks are pretty behaved, I don't care how grand they are; but when they look proud as Nebuchadnezzar, it stirs me up considerable; so, thinks I, who cares? I'm as good by nature as she. Well, as I felt kind of strange, and didn't know how to take hold at once, I agreed I'd keep still and see how other folks did. So I had not been above an hour in the house, when I was sitting in the chimney corner, I heard a kind of cow bell ringing just over my head; but I didn't let on. With that, one of the women folks in the kitchen speaks up to me in a flip-pant kind of a way, and says she, 'Don't you hear the bell, boy?' 'Certainly,' says I, 'I aint hard of hearing.' 'Well,' says she, 'why don't you answer it? Answer a bell!' says I, 'for the land's sake how is that?' So then she laughed, and told me that to answer the bell was to go and see what the parlor folks wanted. Well up stairs I went, and there Miss Winslow sat by a piano, as they call it, with a singing book open before her, all pricked off as nice as could be; and, says she, looking me full in the face, just as you do this minute, 'Jesse,' says she, 'I aint to home.' Well to be sure, I was all in a blue maze. 'I want to know!' says I. 'I tell you,' says she, with a kind of lofty way, 'I aint to home this morning.' 'Thinks I, the woman's underwitted. What is it to me whether she's to home or not? though there she sits as plain as the nose of her face. So I went away, turning it over in my mind what her idee was in telling me such a contrary thing as that—however I pretty soon found out it meant she didn't choose to let folks in. Well at first, thinks I, this will never do; where I come from we should call that a big lie, besides being ugly and ill-natured; and our folks would go clean off if they thought I had to tell lies for nothing. After a while, though I reasoned myself most into it. She must answer for it, thinks I, and not me; but before I could settle it right to mind, the bell rung again. Well, up stairs I went, but Miss Winslow said she didn't want nothing; but I hadn't got seated before the dumb thing rung again. 'Thinks I, I'm blamed if I go this time; if folks ring for fun, they may take it out in ringing."

Presently though, the same gal, Peggy, they called her—says to me, "Some one rings the street-door bell." "Well," says I, "what does he want? I suppose I aint got to answer all the bells in town, am I?" "What?" says she, "why, he wants to come in, to be sure." "Well," thinks I, "if that isn't the most shift-less thing ever I see—why in nature can't he open the door himself?" However, it was as easy doing that as any thing else, so I said nothing to nobody. But when I opened the door there was no creter there—so I looked up street and down street, and at last I see some folks tossed off pretty much after the way of Miss Winslow, and I concluded they must be the ones, so I started after them, thinking it was but civil, and says I, "though I can't let you in this morning, it is a pity to come for nothing, and so if you'll tell me your business, perhaps I can do it for you, and I dare say Miss Winslow would be pleased to have you call another time." But they laughed like mad and said it was no matter; and told me to give their duty, or some such, to Miss Winslow, and said, besides, that they had left their cards. "Card?" thinks I, "now what is that again? there's wool cards and cotton cards, and playing cards; but which of these they mean I can't tell no more than a post." Well, when I got back, I see scattered all over the entry floor, (they had tucked them under the door) take it, and in my hurry I hadn't seen 'em) ever so many pieces of paper, all figured on with gold stamps, and all directed to different people. "Well," thinks I, "there's something, so I goes in and asks Peggy what was to be done with these, and if I had got to carry these things to Mr. this and Miss that, according to what was written on them. So she looked in a scornful way and told me to put them in the rack. Now I knew well enough she couldn't mean the hay-rack, but what she did mean, if I had been to suffer, I couldn't tell. But by this time I was so pestered I was downright riled, so I wouldn't ask no questions about it, nor budge an inch. With that she took them out of my hand, with a jerk, and off she set up stairs; and pretty soon back she comes, looking up as chipper as ever you see, and says she, 'Go right up to Miss Winslow.' Well up I goes, and says she, 'Jesse, you may go,' says

she; you know I only took you on trial, and you won't suit me—so you needn't stay no longer. 'Thinks I, you are as well suited, I guess, as I am; so I cleared out pretty quick."

From Allen Prescott, by Mrs. Sedwick.

The Timber Trade.

We met, says the Albany Evening Journal, an old friend returning from New York, where as he informed us, he had just sold a quantity of Lumber, which he had rated down. In reply to our question as to what kind of Timber he had taken to market, he said it was "hand-spike, chisel-handle and corset-stuff!" We were startled at the idea of rating Corset timber, in the log, to New York; but a brief explanation set us right. You must recollect, said our friend, that there are nearly or quite six millions of females in the U. S.; and that they all, white, yellow and black, wear Corsets. Now when you reflect that it requires about as much timber to put a Lady "in Stays," as it does to set up a flour barrel, can you wonder that Corset Timber forms an important item in the Lumber-man's account?

"Train up a Child," &c.

Nothing is easier than to repeat a proverb, and nothing more difficult than carrying it into execution. We can all advise each other how to bring up children, but utterly fail in carrying our own precepts into practice. When we look into our police reports—in the list of accidents and offences—in the dire calamities and suicides which, unhappily, too frequently occur in our large city,—we are convinced that there are many radical defects in precept and example—in our systems and discipline—in our laws and their administration.

Sufferings of some kind or other in health, in mind, in fortune, seem to fall to the lot of every man, no matter how circumstanced or conditioned, and theills of life appear to be providentially distributed among all classes—proving how artificial is all rank and distinction in the estimate of human worth.

We frequently see a rich man, who has accumulated wealth by honest industry, afflicted with extravagant and dissipated sons—or, what is worse, an honorable and exemplary father cursed with a dishonest child, who tarnishes by his crimes, a name always respected, and brings down to the grave, in sorrow, the grey hairs of a pure and upright life. This is really an affliction, because, more or less, society at large suffers. It is hard to reform those who have grown up in vicious propensities; yet the vices of nature age should admonish us to guard the young shoots from equal blight and destruction. A rich man should bring up his son, as the poor man does, to work and labor for himself. Early and active, and steady employment is the secret to bring up children well. No matter at what occupation—no matter how laborious, as long as the mind is employed—as long as attention is directed to proper objects of business—bad examples and bad company will be avoided. Five or six years of a young man's time thus closely occupied will confirm him in habits of industry; and his own resources of mind and body—his own industry and enterprise will advance him honorably and prosperously in life. A rich father should always help a child when he proves his ability and inclination to help himself, and not sooner. We have no nobility, nor titled families, nor aristocratic distinctions; yet how frequently do we find an indulgent, rich father, who, from humble life, has raised himself in the world, indulging his son in extravagance and idle habits—giving him money to spend in gaudy and fashion—at the race course, the hotel, or the billiard room—under the delusion that he never will want, and that he must inherit an ample fortune.

What is the result? Idleness begets vice, dissipation follows, and loss of health, of fortune, and character is the inevitable result. A rich man, instead of giving his son a few hundreds now and then for what are called his contingent expenses, and under the fallacious idea that he must make an appearance like a gentleman, should say to him 'for every thousand dollars which you earn by enterprise and industry I will add a thousand safely invested for you to be used at that advanced period of life when you know the value of money and are entitled to ease and comfort.' The very facility which young men have of obtaining money leads them into ruinous extravagance; and when from design or accident, their means are checked, they resort to crime to furnish themselves the sources of enjoyment.

Brandy and water, and segars—a first trotting horse—a pocket book with bank notes, gaming, and late hours,—are the rocks on which are shipwrecked many bright boys, and alluring prospects—the fond anticipations of good parents, and the realization of anxiously desired blessings.—N. Y. Star.

For the Ladies.

A way to make Calicoes wash well. Infuse three gills of Salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the Calico in while hot, and leave it till cold. And in this way, the colors are rendered permanent—and it will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

The Difficulties of an Editor.

An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinions fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he states facts without comments he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackanapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape—by the yard—hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimble; and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—"Stop my paper, I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry," as if it really were a loss to be regretted, the profits being so enormous, and after paying four pence half-penny for a sheet of paper before it is printed on, together with the expense attending collecting and printing the contents of a newspaper, certainly a monstrous revenue exists out of the seven pence, after these must-be-paid expenses are liquidated. One murmurs because his paper is too literary—another because his paper is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the type so small, that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for hand-bills. In fact every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sysyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.—[English paper.]

Practical Knowledge.

A young lady was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew."—"These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "pray tell me can she spin?"

What will modern ladies say of the gallantry of King James. A lady who can spin, if we except those in manufacturing establishments is rarely one to be found in these days, as was then who understood the languages. Practical and useful education—give place to ornamental and drawing-room education. Those young ladies who are instructed in the practical business of assisting in household affairs are termed domestics, and those who are educated in the use of the spindle, the shuttle, or the needle, are operatives. Few know how to make their own clothes and are entirely dependent on their mantua makers and milliners for the gracefulness with which their persons are adorned. But we will stop, lest it be considered we are treading on forbidden ground. ****

I was quite amused a day or two since to see a white man sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving directions in the following strain:—"Put dat tick a leetle furdur to de middle of deorse; stop, stop, put dat cat-tie on de top and saw dem bole togedde. Lit up dat log up out de gutter. Make hase. Saw away fasser you lazy rascal, you don't arn de salt ob your porridge."

A gentleman just then stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which he (the black) had been engaged to do.

"Cause me ploy him for de job?"

"And how much do you give him?"

"Four and six-pence."

"How's that? you are to have four shillings the usual price."

"Oh, nebbur mind, his worst sixpence to be gennam."—[Boston Evening Gazette.]

The Kennebec Journal says—"Gov. Poin-dexter has been the first man in Mississippi for twenty of thirty years." If that be the case, God save the State of Mississippi.—Bangor Republican.

A Remarkable Fact.—Superstition. There is a grave in Rte. churchyard, in this county, on which a blade of grass was never observed or known to have grown, although it has been there for upwards of 80 years. The old women and the rest of the superstitious of the neighborhood affirm the reason to be, that the person buried in it was a process server.—Wexford Conservative.

Good things, well said. We invite attention to the following article from the Hartford (Conn.) Patriot & Democrat. It is sound, well-written, easy to be understood, incontrovertible in its positions and Democratic in its sentiments:—

From the Hartford Patriot.

STOCK, CREDIT AND BANK BILLS.

We are not about to indite a new dissertation upon these most dry of all earthly topics. A winter evening might suit the spinning out of such an article but suits not the gentle month

of May, when the fields are green, the trees fragrant with blossoms, and the groves echoing with birds. But there are some common sense views of these important subjects which we wish to keep constantly before our readers, and one of them we mean, in plain language to present this day.

Stocks earn nothing—they never make wealth—Banks never make wealth.—Let us look a minute at this subject. Banks manufacture what is called money, and many people think they make riches of the country; but it is not so. Banks create no wealth—they merely transfer it from one person to another.—They are machines to accumulate wealth in the hands of a few, and the wealth thus accumulated wholly created by those who work.—How is wealth made? By work—by industry—and in no other way. A wild horse is good for nothing. Catch him and train him, and he is valuable—and enough such will make the owners wealthy. Bank bills never could catch or tame him.

Clay, tin, the earth, is of no use to men.—Dig it out, mould and form it, and it becomes bricks, or vessels of utility. You might mix it with Bank bills forever, and it would be of no value.

The earth has a producing power. Sow it with Bank bills and it yields nothing. Men must work it or they will never be rich.

Here is a rich man.—O! what does his wealth consist of? Let us say houses, furniture, goods and money. Where did this wealth come from? Every cent was earned by industry.—The houses men built by hard blows from timber or other materials, which before they were worked up, were good for nothing. So was the furniture manufactured and the goods.—The money, it it be real money, i. e. Gold and Silver, was mined by hard labor, just as stone is dug from the quarry. This labor somebody has submitted to. The wealth may be in the hands of the man that earned it, or it may have slipped into other hands. But the laboring man earned every cent of it. We include merchants among laboring men, for the man who brings the hoghead of sugar from its place of manufacture to the country village, labors as truly as the negro who pressed it. Industry—labor— toil, then is the source of all wealth. Let the man of sense think of the matter, and he will see at once, that all wealth comes from this source.

Now Gold and Silver are real wealth—for if they are not used in exchange as money, they may be manufactured into various articles, and the metals are beautiful and permanent, that any body will give almost any thing in exchange for them. But Bank bills are mere pieces of paper containing fair promises. They are of no intrinsic value. You can do nothing with them in the end but compel the promiser to pay them in money. The paper is not worth a farthing. If the promises were written on a chip, a shingle, or piece of white birch bark, they would be just as good. They are mere contrivances, like other notes of hand, to postpone the payment of money or real value. If the Bank breaks, they are good for nothing. If the Banks in the country break, Gold is just as good as ever. If a man for a day's work receive a dollar bill, he gets no real value—he merely gets somebody's promise to pay him a dollar. If he gets the Gold or Silver, he is actually paid, but not otherwise.

There is, then, no wealth—no intrinsic value—no substantial real worth in Bank bills, and the country is not made any richer by the manufacture of them. If Banks should issue a million of these promises where they now issue one, it would add nothing to the wealth of the country.

What then is their operation, and why are many so anxious to establish them? They are beneficial to the stock-holders, it is easy to see. They put in perhaps a hundred thousand dollars capital. Seventy-five thousand of this they loan out at the usual rate of interest. In the next place they issue their own notes, not on interest, and which are called Bank bills, for perhaps a hundred thousand dollars more.—On this amount they receive interest from those who borrow their bills. Thus while they actually lie out of the use of twenty-five thousand dollars, they draw interest on one hundred and seventy-five thousand.

They are sometimes of advantage to the borrowers. The man who borrows bank bills can give his own note, payable at a future time.—With the Bank bills thus borrowed, poorer men are hired to labor, and with the wealth they create he pays his debts, and he continues to make them create enough more than he pays them for, to lay by a snug amount for himself. This advantage he derives from credit; it enables him to get rich, and soon to become himself a stock-holder. But the wealth is all earned by hard labor. The Bank bills are a mere contrivance to enable the man who has them, to save for himself some portion of the wealth which is created by the industry of him who has them not.

Banks, then, do not add to the wealth of a country. They merely aid in the withdrawing from the laboring man some portion of the wealth that is created by his industry, and this portion they transfer to the purse of the rich.—Let plain men ponder these things.

From the N. E. Galaxy.

Heads and Points—No. 1.

Hullo there—you're the Editor of the Galaxy, hey?

No sir. Not the Editor of the Galaxy; but one Editor of the Galaxy.

I don't know as I know exactly what you mean; but I want to have a word or two with you.

I don't like to have words with a stranger, sir; if it can well be avoided.

Oh ye don't, do ye?—But I've been wanting to see you this ever so long, and now I've fallen in with you, I've a—

You want to fall out with me, hey?

Why no, not exactly that; but I want to give you a piece of my mind.

Thank ye—but I'm no friend to partnerships; the whole or none for me—if you've any piece left; for I see by your pocket-book there, and the five-hundred dollar bills you've been flourishing about with since you came aboard, that you are a speculator in timber-lands.

Wal—what's that to you? I made forty thousand dollars yesterday; and it's nobody's business that I know of—is it?

No, I should call it anything but business—to my notion it deserves a very different name.

Wal, what's that?

Gambling.

Tell you what 'tis, Mister—I believe your name's N—

I bowed.

If you don't look out, you'll have some braith served up to you a leetle hotter an' you'd like it, maybe?

Maybe so.—And the sooner the better.

But my dear sir, said another passenger, whispering with a good-natured eye, and evidently with a kind purpose—what can have set you so against these timber-lands? Everybody makes money—you don't hear of any body losing.

I beg your pardon. But I have heard of some cases—and I expect to hear more, when the land is no longer worth keeping. And at last, when the second, third or fourth instalments are due, when settling day comes, I know that multitudes will acknowledge both their knavery and folly. It cannot be otherwise.

Why sir—I could tell you some stranger stories than you ever yet heard of, and some that I know to be true.

Do you refer to the paupers, who escaped from the work house at Bangor, and before they were caught, contrived to make eighteen thousand dollars a piece?

Not exactly.

Well, sir, said a gentlemanly bystander, in spectacles—if he cannot, I can tell you of a case quite as wonderful. My brother, who is a lawyer, had an execution against a fellow but a few days ago, for twenty dollars; the debtor swore out on another, for a smaller sum, in the presence of my brother—say on Tuesday last—my brother seeing this, and finding the fellow destitute proceeded no further with his demand. The very next day, the debtor became a man of property, having made ten thousand dollars clear, by one of the chances that are occurring now at every hour.

And there stands a young man—a law-student but the other day—and this we know to be true—who has made rising twenty thousand dollars within the last two months and has got the money in his pocket now; and there goes another man who has made and pocketed nearly two-hundred thousand dollars within the last three months. He began a year or two ago, and got up a sort of mining con, any, himself acting as agent, whereby he has done a world of good, and led to the discovery of incalculable resources in Maine, which but for his headlong enterprise would not have been reached, or ground out for another century perhaps—the shares cost him five dollars; he has lately sold them for a profit of thirty thousand dollars; and it is but a few months ago, he made forty-one thousand dollars in one day by a speculation which cost him but one thousand. So with every thing he touches just now. He has failed in business two or three times, but being full of courage, hope, marvellousness and enterprise, is now a wealthy man. Nay more, he has got his wealth in a way profitable to others, or a large part of it, and the rest he is welcome to—by leading to a discovery of the natural resources of our State.

Forty-one thousand dollars in one day! whispered a bystander—and here am I, after toiling for fifty years, up early and late, and living a life of unexampled self-denial, with hardly property enough to bury myself decently. Thank God though, I owe no man a dollar, and if I drop into my grave to-morrow, my children are taken care of.

How, sir?

They are well educated sir, with a good trade a piece for them.

Then sir, you are a richer man by far than the possessor of millions!

But how did he manage it?—I declare I should like to know the story.

That you may out of his own mouth.—I say!

Mr. C—calling to a small dark, sharp-eyed looking man, with a pleasant mouth and a fine forehead—come this way, will ye? Mr. C. came up, and the matter was soon explained to him, and he told the story.

Why the fact is, I had a timber-tract which cost me seventeen cents. Messrs. S. and B.—had another lying not far off—or rather a bond for another, at sixty cents.

Al—! I thought they had got sick of bonds and townships and timber-lands—they gave six thousand dollars not long ago I heard to be let off, in the only purchase they had ever meddled with.

True, and the land was immediately sold at a much higher price. I knew this, and knew they were not the owners of the bond at sixty cents. So I called and offered to sell. No—they wanted to sell too. Well—give or take—our lands lie pretty near together, you see, and mine cost but seventeen cents. Give or take—what says ye? After some consultation together, S. & B. called for an offer. Very well, said I—an offer 'tis then. I'll give you one thousand dollars for the bond. They were evidently surprised—looked pleased, and after consulting together, proposed to sell for one thousand dollars, at one dollar, instead of sixty cents the acre. No—that ain't my way. Yes or no. I've made my offer—take it or leave it. They would take till to-morrow to consider of it. As you like—but I shan't. I make the offer now—and now I must have the answer. Yes or no.—Well then, yes! The very next day, I cleared forty-one thousand dollars on that single purchase! And saying this, he walked away.

And I can tell you of another case added a bystander, for the truth of which I also will vouch. A man came to Bangor as a day-laborer last spring. He belonged to New Hampshire, and was not worth \$500 in the world, owning a small house and a little bit of a farm, wretchedly stocked. Not having any thing to do for himself, he took a trip down East. Within a week after his arrival at Bangor, he happened to be sitting in the bar-room of a public house, when a party of dashing fellows came in, who began talking together about a splendid purchase they were going to make in partnership. After listening awhile, without being heeded by them, probably on account of his appearance, he stole out, went to the land-office and secured the pre-emption for the very tract they had been talking about. After a few days, they returned from exploring, and were satisfied. It was to be a fortune for all of them—there was no kind of doubt or difficulty. The money was theirs. Upon which he lugs out a certificate, and asks them if that ain't the land they are talking about. After due enquiry, they find it so—and paid him thirty thousand dollars cash, to forego his claim. After this, and within a few months he made thirty-five thousand dollars more, and returned to New-Hampshire, and bought one of the best farms in New England, where he has had the good sense to settle himself down and go to work as before.

Ah!—that man will die rich—or rather may die rich, though the chances are five to one against him—even him. He has tasted the forbidden fruit—and who has once dabbled with its luciousness can ever hope to forbear, with out a special interposition?

Tell you what 'tis, friend—you don't know quite so much as you think you do, rejoined the first speaker, turning short on his heel, and adjusting his shirt-collar as if he had never owned one before.

Nothing more likely—but I know enough to keep my fingers out of a bear-trap, and eschew speculation about these days.

Devil trust ye! if all they say is true, I don't see much difference between speculation in timber-lands or granite.

Nor I neither—and as I see by the faces here, that you mean to have a turn up with me before we part—allow me to say that I see no difference between the knaves and fools who are engaged in the granite speculations, and those who are turning round about timber-lands. To give one hundred thousand dollars for a share in any thing now, is neither more nor less than downright madness—and ought to entitle the purchaser to free admission into a lunatic hospital, as it certainly does into a work-house.

And yet, I heard you say not half an hour ago, that you yourself had bought into a ledge—the best in the world—if that ain't speculation, I should like to know what is?

Then sir, I'll inform you. That is not speculation. I knew what I bought only to prevent others from speculating on a poor but very honest fellow, who was under contract with me to furnish granite of a particular kind for a block of eight handsome buildings. To hinder that, and make sure of material enough to finish that block, I bought in, as you call it.

Didn't I just hear you refuse the same price for one quarry, that you gave for the whole?

Yes. And for that very same reason. I did not buy for speculation—but with other and better purposes. My block once built, and that particular granite, the best in the world I verily believe—even the Hallowell being lighter color, less heavy, softer, not so free from pyrites &c. &c. Anybody may have the ledge who will treat it properly.

Come down with the dust handsomely, hey?

Exactly.

But between ourselves friend—what is your real opinion of this timber-trade?

Do you read the New-England Galaxy?

Yes—that I do!

Well then, my real opinion is just what you see there. I give none but real opinions.

Well sir, I confess I am astonished. Look at the map. Look at the wonderful increase of our population. Good judges say that we have not so much timber now left, within the boundaries of Maine, as have actually been consumed within the last five-and-twenty years.

They are mistaken sir.

Mistaken sir! Impossible!

Then, sir, allow me to say what I have to say, in yet stronger language. They are either fools or liars—to a man. The consumption of white pine lumber, instead of increasing with the increase of our population, decreases; and fifty years hence will not be so great as it is now.

A general outbreak of astonishment followed this remark—but I consider: Five-and twenty

years ago, nineteen-twentieths of all our houses were built of wood—now they are built of brick or stone, and may now be built of either in the lumber districts, for less money than of white pine lumber, at the present prices.—Then more lumber was wasted than employed. Boards were sawed nearly double their present thickness, frames were three times heavier than they are now—instead of plastering, white pine panel-work, or panel boards, tongued and matched, were employed for the inside walls of the commonest farm-house. After a while, that fashion was partly abandoned, and for a time you would see nothing but one broad panel, topped with a chair-rail running round the rooms, and a mop-board eighteen inches deep. All these things have yielded to plastering now—panel work is done with—the dead O, as they call it, has disappeared—the chair-rail is no more—and even the mop-board, a running-base or plinth, has dwindled to six inches.—and so with every thing else. Five and twenty years ago, about as much lumber was wasted by fire and freshet as was actually consumed. Now these things are done with. Fires in the woods happen no longer where the pine-timber lies—and all the logs are marked and numbered. People no longer order fifty per cent more than they want—much of our timber is got out by dimensions now; it is no longer necessary, if you would make sure of one thousand feet to order fifteen hundred—Are you satisfied?

No sir.

Well sir. One word more. The consumption of white pine timber will be less in our country at the end of fifty years than it is now—for other reasons.

Another general outcry—Georgia-pine, will supersede it for flooring—may for fifty other things—our own hard pine, spruce and fir, better timber by all odds for many things they are now never used for, will soon get to be valuable, and the white pine will be saved for what nothing else will do. Why sir, do you know that cherry-tree lumber may be had from New York for the price of good seasoned white-pine at Portland, where it cannot be had now at any price; ay, sir, cherry-tree lumber ordered from New York, all expenses added, commission, freight passage, &c &c—costs considerably less! Nay, other kinds of wood will come into use in the same way, long before white pine gets established at any thing like the present prices. Mark my words.—And as for hemlock—spruce and fir—lumber of no value now, they will be made use of within five years from this, to the abatement of more than fifty per cent of the present consumption of white pine.

Perhaps the gentleman would like to buy a tract of spruce, fir and hemlock, said a tall handsome stranger who had been listening a long while in silence.

No sir.

Or sell?

No sir. I have neither part nor lot in any lumber on earth—what I say of timber-lands you may believe or not as you like—what I say of my own particular ledge of granite, as I am interested there, I insist on your not believing—till you have satisfied yourself, with your own eyes.

When your houses are done, hey?

Yes.

And when will that be?

Enough for a sample I hope, in the month of October next.

For a sample, hey?—So, if I understand you, you build the granite-houses by way of recommending the granite.

No sir. My houses were half up long before I thought of buying the ledge I spoke of.—When I contracted for the stone, I did so because after the fullest and most patient examination, I could find no building-material in our country to be compared with it. And it was only when the fever for speculation began to rage all around, like the Cholera, and people were giving five, ten, twenty, may one hundred thousand dollars for shares in a granite quarry not worth working in some cases—that I entered my head to protect myself against their hallucination. I was in church at the time; and that very day visited the quarry in person examined fragments that had been exposed for eleven years till the moss had gathered upon them, without any change of color, except for the better, and made up my mind to purchase.

Wal sir—I confess I do not see the difference between your speculation and ours.

Don't you? Then allow me to explain it to you once for all. I knew what I purchased.—You don't. I am sure of a monopoly. You are not.

How so?—How can you be sure that there is no other granite equal to yours in the state?

Simply because I have the every day experience of plain practical men—stone-splitters and stone-cutters—who have followed the business of exploring, quarrying and hammering for many years, and know every bit of granite above ground, or worth digging for within fifty miles of us—and as for all the rest of the business, the geological features, &c &c—what they don't know, I do!—Are you satisfied now?

Perfectly. And here he turned away, adding in a sort of whisper, as he betook himself to another group, sitting over a plain with all their stop-watches and pocket-books out, and a block of polished granite coursing the circle with unspeakable swiftness—what a capital auctioneer he'd make! I thought so too.

A moment after this, another person took me aside, a man of real worth and character, and assured me I was right, absolutely and entirely right.

I was a good deal astonished, for I knew that he had made at least one hundred thousand dollars by timber-land speculation within a few months.

Yes, he added—people grew poor when they paid a dollar for stumpage.

And poorer when they paid nothing for it—or stole it—hey?

And now they are expected to grow rich at five or ten dollars. Why sir, I myself once bought 12000 acres of timber-land at one dollar the acre, for the purpose of helping a worthy man who was perfectly acquainted with the lumber-business, but had no capital. He was firmly persuaded and thousands are now, that the only way to make those purchases profitable was to operate for yourself. So I furnished the money, and he the labor, and we agreed to share the net profits. Now sir—all I can say is, that during many years, I never saw the interest of my money, tho' my partner as I have told you, was perfectly acquainted with the business, and labored most diligently and faithfully.

Indeed!—and what do you propose to do with that land now?

Nothing.

Nothing!

We have just sold it for five dollars an acre!

Here was another blow up! Even those who agreed with me that lands purchased for speculation would turn out a ruinous affair at last, were all sure that lands purchased for operating as they call it, would turn out well.—The long and the short of it is—and if we were to scribble forever, we could not make it plainer—that the people are mad—the speculators in everything under a most extraordinary hallucination. Talking won't save them nor help them. And all we have to say now is—into it all of you!—into it head and ears!—every man of you—who has nothing to lose, or so much, that you cannot be injured by a loss.—To all others, to the moderate and laborious, the frugal and the industrious, who have something put by for a rainy day, and not enough to gamble with—*forbear!*

P. S. Since the above was in type, we—that is myself—I have gone to the heart of another ledge, far superior in every respect to the celebrated Quincy Silestone. You shall see the proof at Boston before long. N.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 28, 1835.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

Our readers will not expect us in such weather as this while the thermometer is ranging from eighty to an hundred, we should set ourselves down to pen a long dull article on the present condition and future prospects of political parties. And if we could find a position cool enough for such a task, we are convinced they would not have leisure or patience to give it a perusal. Fortunately for us and them, the present state of things does not appear to require it at our hands. The lassitude induced by the warmth of the season appears to have reached even the busy politician, and to have produced a relaxation of effort, if not a cessation of hostilities. Our opponents from elaborate arguments and deceptive calculations to prove that the people cannot and will not govern themselves, are reduced to brief assertions and hackneyed assurances of success. They have called County Conventions in many parts of our State, but we as yet, hear nothing of their Candidate for Governor. This leisure is truly grateful; but we hope their party organization is not to be given up, for they are never more dangerous than when they pretend to be friends.

By the accounts from France, it appears probable that the indemnity Bill will be passed with the amendments requiring an explanation before payment is made. That amendment was offered by the opposition there for the purpose of embarrassing the government, and has been hailed with joy by the opposition here, as affording some prospect of preventing the restoration of harmony between the two governments. Since the publication of Mr. Livingston's letter, all the more respectable of the opposition papers in this country have acknowledged its truth and justice, and announced their determination to support the administration in its refusal to offer any excuse, explanation or apology. The weak and more unprincipled press of the opposition, who seek not for a reason but for an opportunity of opposing the present administration, still cling to the hope that France will not dishonor herself as to refuse the appropriation without such humiliation as this government will never stoop to under the present or any other republican administration. Such men would gladly disgrace their country for the purpose of promoting their own selfish party views.

LAND SPECULATORS. The excitement still continues and is rather extending than diminishing. Those engaged are now obliged to content themselves with less exorbitant profits than heretofore, and we believe that most of them would not now consider an opportunity of making ten thousand dollars beneath their notice. We have even heard of persons selling who did not make half that sum. It is no longer content to timber lands but still privileges and farms are bonded for a "consideration."

Where there is a pine tree or the stump of one, there you will find the speculator, with his ears worn countenance, his eager look and rapid motion, his pockets stuffed with certificates and bonds. They buy or sell everything regardless of title or value, and many are evidently laying up for themselves a store of repentance which will last during their lives. It has been well said that there are only two classes of men who should permit themselves to engage in this business—those who have nothing to lose, and those who can bear without ruin any losses to lose, and those who can bear without ruin any losses to lose, and those who can bear without ruin any losses to lose.

The dwelling house of Mr. Henry Howe of Sumner was struck with lightning on the night of the 25th inst. The fire entered just below the roof and passed down one of the posts to the ground, tearing off the boards inside and out in its passage. No one was injured, though the bed in which Mrs. Howe slept was very much dented. The excitement has continued so long that the owners are now awake to the full value of what they possess, and will not be likely to part with it at less than its real worth.

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From the Charleston S. C. Courier.

Our Relations with France.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

The amendment of Gen. Valable is the most mal-adroit effort which was ever made by a gallant people. The ancient chivalry of France is shown by this awkward step. It is a clear mistake of the point of honor; and by its adoption, the Chambers have placed themselves under the unavoidable necessity of a retreat—they have taken a false position; and if left there, the ridicule of every man of honor or in Europe awaits them. Mortifying as it may be, the Chambers must take back their amendment. America will simply demand her debt—it is due—the funds are appropriated.

If France has been insulted, will she be content to pocket the affront, because in so doing, she pockets five millions, which she admits does not belong to her? Is this chivalry? Is this the spirit of her Francis I.—her Henry IV.—her Bayard? Surely the Peers of France will, for their own honor, reject the clause.—They will never consent to withhold an admitted debt, under the allegations that France has been insulted. The reason is the more urgent to put an end at once to the relation of a defaulting debtor, that she may honorably demand reparation—an apology extorted as a consideration for the payment of a debt would be an eternal stigma. If America apologizes to get the money, France buys a reparation, which in honor she should demand without price; but to add to this, she buys it with our money, wrongfully withheld for that purpose. This is so clearly disreputable, that France must retract. Besides, America can offer no explanation which is to be paid for; for her motives will be liable to be misrepresented. She will act honorably with France for nothing; but she will not sell her courtesies. So that it will be alike dishonorable in France to require, and in America to give, any explanations until the debt is paid, and nothing but the point of honor is left. To unite it with a money affair was an error, which will crush the opposition, and bring them into contempt with all Europe; and probably ministers allowed it to pass only to bare the odium of its folly fall on the heads of its authors.

America can only once more say to France, pay what you owe! If France refuses, she will just treat her as a nation not acting on principles of justice, and cease all intercourse with her. How awkward then would be the situation of France! She would be under protest for non-payment of a debt; and with no other excuse than that she had been insulted by her creditor. The world would say to her, pay your debt, and then you will be free to seek reparation; until then, you discount the honor of France against five millions.—But if America should say to France, "You have been insulted, and have fixed the value of French honor at five millions; keep the money and the affront; we can afford it;" and what would France do? To take hostile measures without paying the money, would be to call down the ridicule of the world. I have consulted a friend, who never mistakes the true etiquette which belongs to high chivalry. He says, a debtor who has an affront to redress, cannot as a man of honor, demand satisfaction until he pays the debt, if he has the means: if he be insolvent, that is an excuse, for if asks explanations as a condition, he purchases what a man of honor should demand as a right.—His creditor cannot grant explanations, for they may be ascribed to his avarice. To mingle an affair of debtor and creditor with a question of national or personal honor, he pronounced wholly *outré*. General VALAZE has got himself and the Carlists into a difficulty, from which a candid retraction alone can extricate them. America has only to hold her position; France is in the wrong, and will be glad of any fair excuse to extricate herself.

To illustrate the error of the position of VALAZE, suppose the bill passes, and America preserves a profound silence, how long will France retain the five millions? How ridiculous her position, if she offers to pay on receiving the explanations. America says—when you are ready to pay what you owe, and thus get rid of the obligation of a debtor, you may do so; I have nothing to say, it is your own affair. I have placed you before the world a debtor—you say an insulted one—remain so as long as you think the honor of France requires. Could any thing be more cruel than absolute silence on our part? What honorable man would balance his accounts thus—"By an insult." Gen. VALAZE and his party, in their anxiety to embarrass the Government of France have been guilty of an error, which has compromised them, and if adopted as a national act, must compromise France with all the world. It is the more to be regretted, as America is indisposed to wound the honor, or unjustly to effect the interests of her ancient ally.

BAYARD.

From the Bangor Republican.

Wig Candidate for Governor.

It is rumored that the Duke of Alfred will this year take the field in person as the wig candidate for Governor. It is said he thinks he acquired that influence in the last Legislature which will enable him to swing the State "by the tail," as he once boasted he could his own country. We will not be held responsible for the rumor but, it is bruited that he is so desirous of being Governor of Maine, that he has promised, if elected, to restore Grand Mean and Campo Bello to their rightful owners—settle the Northern Boundary Question to the satisfaction of the citizens of Madawaska—build a Railway from Portland to Quebec, and keep it clear of snow-drifts in the winter—open a Canal from Penobscot waters through every tim-

SOLECISMS.

A powerful party in England—the enemies of the high prerogative and the advocates of the rights of the people—assumed the name of Whigs. A weak party in this country—who numbers among its founders many distinguished Tories of the Revolution, the champions of the Alien and Sedition laws of '98, and the enemies of the last war—routed by the people under a dozen other names, have at last assumed and disgraced the name of Whigs.

The disadvantages of a bad name are great—but with bad men can any name be good? We give the whigs their choice—the lexicon is at their service—but toryism and federalism always have and always will shine through their title. They are evidently dissatisfied with that of whig—the mass is now in a state of fusion, and in October they will all be melted into antimasons.

What new color these political chameleons will hereafter assume, we cannot tell. They are an astonishing people; they pretend to change their principles, but never change their objects. They seek power—their glory in consolidation—they restrict the right of suffrage—and yet they talk of the privileges of the people. But by their present course they have plainly unwhipped themselves.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Resignation. At a late session of the Governor and Council, Roscoe G. Greene, Esq., resigned the office of Secretary of State, the duties of which he has discharged for the last four years and a half, in a manner highly creditable to himself, and satisfactory to the public. We regret that the continued ill health of Mr. Greene should have rendered this step indispensable. His business habits and gentlemanly deportment, the intimate knowledge he possessed of the duties of the station, and the spirit of accommodation he has ever manifested to all who had business to transact at the Department of State, have gained for him the confidence and respect of the community. Indeed few men have been more deservedly popular as a public officer. The following is a Report from the pen of Dr. Phelps, made by a Committee appointed by an order introduced by that gentleman, directing an inquiry into the affairs of the office of Secretary of State at the last session of the Legislature.

"They have devoted as much time as their other duties would permit, to an examination of the Records of the Department of State, embracing the several volumes of Registers and Journals of Council, Records of appointment, &c., together with the volumes of engrossed Laws and Resolves, with a view to ascertain the amount of labor necessary to a correct performance of the duties pertaining to the Office of Secretary of State. The Secretary politely gave his personal attention to the committee, and offered them every facility in the performance of their duty; and on examination they feel much pleasure in reporting that they found the numerous volumes in the Department in the most perfect order, and elegantly kept; and exceeding in neatness and accuracy as they do, any other records which they have seen. The Committee do not hesitate to pronounce them highly creditable to the officer as well as to the State."

We feel assured that the best wishes of the community will attend Mr. Greene in his retirement from office, and we ardently hope, that he will realize from a more active employment, a speedy restoration of his health.

[Augusta Age.]

Speaker Bell has been 'ringing' away marvelously of late at the Bank celebrations. The gist of the noise is this:

"Gentlemen, party is an awful thing—a terrible thing. Now, friends, just desert your own party, and what then? Why join mine?"

LOCOMOTIVE FACULTY OF PLANTS. If a wet sponge be placed near a cucumber which is growing in a particular direction, it will change this direction & grow towards the sponge. A plant tree, growing on the top of a wall directed its roots down the side till they reached the ground, a distance of ten feet, in order to obtain the requisite nourishment of which it was deprived in its elevated situation. Thus plants appear, like wise and intelligent agents, to move towards their good, and to turn aside from those soils that are injurious or afford but a scanty nutriment.—[Analyst.]

The following anecdote of Hogg, tells a monstrous big story, with an honest simplicity, that makes one laugh:

"It is a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's a proof he's a growler up to his master's ear, to discover what he's thinking on; and then without the word or wave of command, to be off to execute the will of his silent thought, whether it be to wear sheep or run down deer. Hector got so like me, afore he died, that I remember when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used him to tak' my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed he once asked me, next day, what I thoct? o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderful attentive among a rather sleepy congregation. Hector an' me gie ane another sic a look! and I was afeared Mr. Patton would have observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man; a very Nathaniel without guile; and he was jealous of naething, tho' both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after laughing in his sleeve for mair than a hundred years, could stand it no longer, but was obliged to loup awa' owre a hedge into a potato field, pretending to have scented patridges."

[Albany Adv.]

State of Maine.

RESOLVE in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers.

RESOLVED, that each non-commissioned Officer and soldier of the Revolutionary Army, who enlisted to serve during the War, or for a term not less than three years, and actually served not less than three years in said army; who at the time of his enlistment, was an inhabitant of Massachusetts Proper or the District of Maine, and is now an inhabitant of this State, and who has not already received a grant of land of money in lieu thereof from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and each Widow of such officer or soldier, who at the time of his decease was an inhabitant of this State—shall be entitled to receive two hundred acres of land, to be selected from either of the following Townships, to wit:—Township number two, Indian Purchase, in the County of Penobscot, reserving all the Pine timber thereon; and the same having been heretofore sold— and Letter D. in the second Range of Township number two, the East line of the State, in the County of Washington. And each non-commissioned officer and soldier who was honorably discharged before the expiration of three years from the time of entering the service, in consequence of wounds received in the service, or other bodily infirmity—and each Widow of such officer or soldier, and the Widow of every non-commissioned officer or soldier who died in the service within three years from the time of his entering the same—shall, in all other respects coming within the provision of this Resolve, be entitled to receive a like grant of land, to be selected as aforesaid.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized and directed to cause the said Townships as soon as may be, to be surveyed and laid out into convenient lots of two hundred acres each; and to execute a conveyance of one lot to every officer, soldier and widow as aforesaid, who shall prove his or her claims to the satisfaction of said Land Agent on or before the fourth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty eight. And every such officer, soldier or widow, who shall establish his or her claim as aforesaid, before the survey of land shall be completed, shall be entitled to receive from the Land Agent a certificate, stating that he or she is entitled to two hundred acres of land under the provisions of this Resolve; which certificate shall be conclusive evidence to entitle the lawful holder thereof to a conveyance in fee simple, of one of the two hundred acre lots aforesaid, whenever said land shall be surveyed and laid out as herein provided.

RESOLVED, That the Land Agent is hereby authorized to procure at the expense of the State, from the Land Agent, and the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and from the Pension Office at Washington, certified copies of all such documents and records as he may deem necessary or useful in carrying into effect the provisions of this Resolve. And it shall be his duty to keep correct plans of all surveys which shall be made as aforesaid, and to mark upon each lot the name of the person who shall first make choice of the same, and also to keep a record of the names and places of abode, and such other material circumstances relating to the several claimants, as may be deemed necessary to obviate all disputes respecting the justice of their claims.

RESOLVED, That every officer, soldier, and widow aforesaid, who shall become the owner of land under the provision of these Resolves, shall hold the same exempt from attachment on mesne process or execution.

In the House Rep'r's. March 16, 1835.

Read and Passed.

JONA. CILLEY, Speaker.

In Senate, March 16, 1835 Read & Passed.

JOSIAH PIERCE, President.

March 17, 1835, Approved.

ROBERT P. DUNLAP.

STATE OF MAINE.

LAND OFFICE,

Augusta, March 26, 1835.

The "Resolve in favor of certain Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the Widows of deceased Officers and Soldiers," passed March 17, 1835, having made it my duty to decide upon the applications for land under the provisions of said Resolve, I have established the following rules and regulations:

All officers and soldiers will be required to subscribe and make oath to the truth of a declaration, setting forth the material facts respecting their service; among which the following particulars must be embraced:—Their place of residence at the time of enlistment; the regiment in which they served; the name of the Colonel; the date of their discharge; the reasons why they were discharged; their residence March 17, 1835; that neither they nor others claiming under them, have ever received a grant of land or money from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and that they are justly entitled to a grant of land under the provisions of said Resolve. The declaration of widows will assert, "according to the best of their knowledge and belief" all the foregoing particulars at the time of their decease they were inhabitants of this State. This must be accompanied by certificates of the Judge of Probate, that satisfactory evidence has been adduced that the applicant was the lawful wife, and is the widow of the person in whose name the claim is made.

The Agent will give certificates agreeably to the provisions of said Resolve, to such as shall produce their declarations and other accompa-

nying evidence sufficient to establish their claims at the Land Office in Augusta, during each session of the Governor and Council, through the year.

Mr. William Woart, Jr. Augusta, will receive the declarations and examine the evidence of applicants, and his decision will be final, unless facts should come to the knowledge of the Agent, before issuing a certificate, having a tendency to discredit the evidence adduced in support of the claim. All applications and all communications upon the subject, must be made direct to William Woart, Jr., at Augusta. The copies of documents required for the direction of the Agent in deciding upon applications, will be procured as early as the middle of May.

Whenever the surveys of the townships named in the Resolve, shall have been completed by the Surveyor General, and the plans and field notes returned to this Office, deeds will be forthwith executed upon the application of the "lawful holders" of certificates.

JOHN HODGDON, Land Ag't of Maine.

April 1, 1835.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

THE subscriber will prepare the declarations for such REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS as choose to apply under the Resolve of the Legislature of Maine.

THOMAS CLARK.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident property owners and owners of land in Fryeburg in the County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said Fryeburg for the year 1834, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Name of Owner	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax
Richard Russell, supposed own			500	4.41
er, 1 Saw Mill,				
R. Russell, r't of Wm. Eaton, 1-3 31			200	1.76
Unk. r't of John Chandler, Jr., 22			300	2.64
" " of Moses Day, 1-3 39			150	1.32
" " of Abel Chandler, 18			140	1.23
" " A. McMillan, 11			100	0.87
" " John Evans, 1-2 24			150	1.32
" " Ezekiel Walker, part			30	.26
of a lot near Charles's pond,				
Heirs of Isaac Tucker, supposed			50	.43
owners, r't of A. McMillan, 26			600	5.29
" " Benj. Russell part of			6	.120
" " Pine Plain,			70	4.42
Job Ford, supposed owner,				
Right of Mark Stacy, 27			15	.39
Unk. r't of John Charles p't of			7	.21
" " Evan's pine plain,			53	4.59
James Lord sup'd owner, 53			11.2	.97
" " Upland,			81.2	.70
Unk. r't of Ezekiel Walker, 1-4			125	1.10
" " of Wm. Weston, part of			30	.76
" " of Moses Day, 30			50	2.00
" " of Benj. Barker, 43			63	1.40
" " John Stark, 30			90	4.50
Smith & Dodge sup'd owners, 22			3	.08
Unk. r't of John Evans, upland, 1			40	1.00
" " of Benj. Russell, N. E. side			27	.27
" " A. McMillan, 19			150	1.32
" " of John Chandler, S. part			17	.22
" " A lot adjoining the Moses				
Ames lot and lot No. 41, laid to			100	1.16
right of David Page, and ad-				
joining Lot 10, Pond and a lot				
formerly owned by John Evans				
Unk. House lot formerly own-			200	7.20
ed by Moses Patten,				
James Thomas, supposed owner,			40	1.80
lot near Wm. Weston, 1-4 30			5	.44
Unk. r't of S. Farrington,				
Ivory H. Pike supposed owner,			300	2.64
House and lot near Kimball				
Unk. r't of James Hazletine,			15	.60
" " Lot laid out on upper Ke-			35	1.05
zer river to complete the rights				
of Moses Day,				
Robert Gibson, supposed own			250	2.46
er, 7-9 of a house, barn, and				
land,				
Unk. right of Ezra Coster,			1	.42
" " " " " " " " " " " "			40	4.04
" " " " " " " " " " " "			50	1.02
" " " " " " " " " " " "			20	1.60
" " " " " " " " " " " "			41	2.20
" " " " " " " " " " " "			100	1.76
Unk. r't of Moses Ames,			40	.88
" " " " " " " " " " " "			30	.88
" " " " " " " " " " " "			22	1.53
" " " " " " " " " " " "			10	.88
" " " " " " " " " " " "			10	1.00
Leighton Johnson, 100			800	2.21
David Webster supposed own-				
er, (School District tax) store				
and lot at the corner,			6	.26
" " " " " " " " " " " "			13	.40
" " " " " " " " " " " "			4	.19
" " " " " " " " " " " "			47	.20
" " " " " " " " " " " "			35	.104
Unk. r't of Samuel Osgood ad-				
joining the above,			3	.62
Unk. r't of Moses Ames adjoin-			3	.62
ing the above,			10	.88
Unk. minister right,			49	3.24
" " " " " " " " " " " "			1	.44
" " " " " " " " " " " "			4	.40
" " " " " " " " " " " "			3	.41
" " " " " " " " " " " "			1	.41
" " " " " " " " " " " "			2	.41
" " " " " " " " " " " "			6	.50
" " " " " " " " " " " "			5	.41
" " " " " " " " " " " "			4	.36
" " " " " " " " " " " "			12	.30
" " " " " " " " " " " "			1	.22
" " " " " " " " " " " "			4	.40
" " " " " " " " " " " "			5	.40
" " " " " " " " " " " "			10	.35

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before the first day of September next, so much of said land as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the tavern of Samuel Southern, in said Fryeburg, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

BENJ. WYMAN, Collector of Fryeburg for 1834, Fryeburg, May 23, 1835.

SIR HENRY.

THIS valuable and noble **STUD HORSE** will stand the time at the State of Anthony Bennett in Norway.

The farmers of Oxford County have now a favorable opportunity of improving their breed of Horses, by a trial of Sir Henry, his stock proves a tough, hardy race, uniting both power, fleetness and elegance.

Terms.—\$3, the leap—\$4, the season—\$5, in warrant a foal.

BENNETT & HOBBS.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having closed their business in trade, request all persons indebted to them by Note or Account, of more than six months standing, to make immediate payment, to prevent cost.

I. & J. CUMMINGS.

Paris, June 10th, 1835.

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners for the county of Oxford, begun and holden at Paris within and for said county of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1835.

WE the undersigned humbly represent, that the county road on the south side of Androscoggin river from Farwell Walton's in Peru, to Cyrus Elliot's in Rumford, within said county of Oxford, is circuitous and passes bad hills, and may be made better by an alteration.—We therefore pray that said Court of county Commissioners will view said route from said Walton's by Philip Abbott's to Putnam's ferry in said Rumford, thence up said Androscoggin river to said Elliot's, and lay out and make such alterations as shall be of the most benefit to the public and least damage to individuals—as in duty bound will ever pray,—or that they would lay out and establish a new county road from said Walton's in Peru, to said Elliot's in Rumford in the best possible direction. JOEL AUSTIN, et al others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1835.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the county commissioners will meet at Farwell Walton's in Peru on Thursday the twenty-fourth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order of notice thereon to be served on the clerks of each of said towns of Peru and Rumford, and on the county Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Peru and Rumford, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices, to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the tenth day of August, next, at three o'clock P. M. at the Inn of Simeon C. Gleason in Mexico in said County, all the estate, right, title and interest, which John Braden of Byron in said county of Oxford, owns, or claims by virtue of a possession or improvement; or by virtue of a bond or obligation, to two certain lots of land situated in said Roxbury, being lots numbered three in the Sixth Range and lot numbered seven in the Seventh Range.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dept. Sh'r.

Rumford, July 9, 1835.

Sheriff's Notice.

Oxford, ss:

PURSUANT to Warrants from Asa Redington, Jr. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, requiring me to collect the Taxes assessed on the following Townships and tracts of Unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the year A. D. 1834, in the respective sums as follows, viz:—

Township No. 1, Letter A.	Tax
" " " " " " " " " " " "	5.34
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.94
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.49
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.28
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.68
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.09
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.54
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.32
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.42
" " " " " " " " " " " "	4.45
" " " " " " " " " " " "	8.27
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.10
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.44
" " " " " " " " " " " "	2.00
" " " " " " " " " " " "	.32
" " " " " " " " " " " "	.81

I hereby give notice that unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are previously paid to me the subscriber, so much of said townships and tracts of unimproved lands as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue at the Court House in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY the 13th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

Attest: LOREN BLOSSOM, Sheriff of Oxford County.

Turner, June 17, 1835.

State of Maine.

LAND OFFICE,

Bangor, June 30, 1835.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all demands due the State for Timber and Timber Lands, which remain unpaid the first day of September next, will be put in suit. From and after that date, all demands will be collected as soon as due. The interest on all other demands will also be exacted.

JOHN HODGDON, Land Agent.

Penobscot, and Somerset, the Age and Knowledge Journal, the Eastern Argus, the Oxford Democrat, and the Saxo Democrat, will please publish this notice once a week till the first day of September next.

NOTICE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the twenty-fifth of June last, a three year old **Dark red** Mare Colt, with black mane and tail. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

ORREN DANIEL.

Paris, July 10, 1835.

Republic of Letters.

This work will in future be edited by

MRS. A. H. NICHOLAS,

who will receive the aid and advice of

Washington Irving, Edward Everett,

Gulian C. Verplanck, Chas. F. Hoffman,

in making the necessary selections for it.

JOSEPH STOCKBRIDGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

* MONSON, (Me.)

In the vicinity of Moosehead Lake.

JUST RECEIVED, & FOR SALE

CHEAP!!!

A large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinets, by S. CROCKETT, & Co.

May 12.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public vendue, on Monday the tenth day of August, next, at two o'clock P. M. at the Inn of Simeon C. Gleason in Mexico in said County, all the estate, right, title and interest, which John Bunker of Roxbury, late known by the name of Plantation Number Seven, in said county, owns or claims by virtue of a possession, or an improvement; or by virtue of a bond or obligation from Samuel Ford, Agent of the proprietor of said Roxbury, to a certain lot of land situated in said Roxbury, and being lot numbered four in the ninth range, and the same farm on which said Bunker now lives.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Dept. Sh'r.

Rumford, July 9, 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.